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THE FAITH OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

BY L. E. CHITTENDEN.

THE endeavor now to write anything novel about President Lincoln is much like threshing old straw. While he has been gradually rising to the position he now holds in the world's esteem, it is not strange that those who had any acquaintance with him should each wish to contribute his mite to the aggregate of material concerning a man of such distinguished abilities. No American, possibly no public man anywhere, has had so many biographers; no biographers have ever written with a more imperfect knowledge of their subject than some of the authors of the so-called Lives of Lincoln. Some of these writers had private griefs to ventilate, and, not courageous enough to oppose the general opinion of his sterling worth, have descended in a shamefaced way to make public assumed defects in his character; and others, claiming to be his old associates and friends, have hinted at scandals connected with his origin and early life which had no foundation, and which would never have been heard of but for their officiousness. Their poor excuse is a desire to exhibit Mr. Lincoln as he was, and not as the world would have him to be. There have been in the lives of all great men occurrences upon which friendship lays the seal of silence, and it would have been more to the credit of these writers if they had emulated the dignified silence with which Mr. Lincoln treated unfortunate circumstances which he could neither prevent nor control. Examples of both these classes will be found in any collection of the lives of Mr. Lincoln, and conspicuously in one collection claimed to have been written by the "distinguished men of his time."

One consequence of the *cacoethes scribendi* about Mr. Lincoln is that all the events of his life, the incidents of his professional career, the apt stories attributed to him, many of which he never heard, have been rewritten so many times, with such variations as the taste or fancy of the writer at the moment suggested, that the points of some of the best have been lost, and others so mutilated that they are no longer recognizable. The resignation of the Treasury by Mr. Chase in June, 1864, has not escaped the general mutilation. It was an important event; its incidents throw a flood of light over the characters of both the principals. As it has been described, it is a quarrel between two politicians, of little consequence to them, of none to anybody else. One of its versions by an ex-Senator actually begins with the nomination of Governor Tod, two or three days after the resignation—after most of its important incidents had passed. All the accounts that I have seen attribute the resignation to Mr. Chase's desire for the Republican nomination in 1864 for the Presidency, when, in fact, he had given up all hope of it for 1864 more than six months previously.

One of these old friends and associates declares that Mr. Lincoln had no faith. If Paul understood the subject, and faith is "the substance of things hoped for, the evidence of things not seen," then no man ever had a faith more perfect and sincere than Mr. Lincoln. Once, as he lay upon his favorite lounge in the Register's office, whilst the Register and his messenger were engaged in their work, and, as he liked them to do, paying no attention to him, he broke into a magnificent outburst —a word-painting of what the South would be when the war was over, slavery destroyed, and she had had an opportunity to develop her resources under the benignant influence of peace. Twenty years and more afterward this scene flashed upon my memory with the vividness of an electric light as I recognized the word-picture of Mr. Lincoln in the following words of welcome by an eloquent Southerner to a Northern delegation: "You are standing," he said, "at this moment in the gateway that leads to the South. The wealth that is there, no longer hidden from human eyes, flashes in your very faces. You can smell the roses of a new hope that fill the air. You can hear the heart-beats of progress that come as upon the wings of heaven. You can reach forth your hands and almost clutch the gold that the sun rains down with his beams, as he takes his daily journey between the coal mine and the cotton field; the highlands of wood and iron, of marble and granite; the lowlands of tobacco, of sugar and rice, of corn and kine, of wine, milk, and honey." Such was the picture of the

South presented to the eye of Mr. Lincoln's faith.

I have written the following account largely from personal knowledge, from what I myself saw and heard. The principal incidents were written in my journal about the time they occurred. It has been the regret of my subsequent life that I did not at the time know how great a man Mr. Lincoln was; that I did not at the time write out and preserve an account of many other things said and done by him. This occurrence was an exception. I felt at the time that Mr. Lincoln was revealing himself to me in a new and elevated character, and I undertook to record the words in which that revelation was made.

The resignation by Secretary Chase of his position as the chief financial officer of the United States closed his prospects as a Presidential candidate with the Republican, and did not improve them with the Democratic party. It was an act which was calculated to embarrass the President, for which there was no good excuse. He inferred from past events that his resignation would not be accepted; he hoped that it would demonstrate to the country that he had become a necessity of the financial situation, and thereby secure to him its more perfect control.

A question of forgery had arisen in the Assistant Treasury in New York. The Auditor, who signed checks for the payment of money, pronounced two checks returned to him as paid, amounting to nearly $10,000, to be forgeries. The responsibility for the money lay between Mr. Cisco and the Auditor. If the checks were genuine, the Auditor—if they were forged, Mr. Cisco, must bear the loss.

Mr. Cisco claimed to *know* that the checks bore the genuine signature of the Auditor. He so testified in an examination which took place before a commission of the United States. He declined to admit a possibility that he could be mistaken. His experience, he said, enabled him to identify a genuine or to detect a forged signature with unerring certainty. No one could imitate his signature so as to cause him to hesitate. He was as certain that the disputed signatures were genuine as though he had seen them written.

Friends of the Auditor who were confident of his integrity, finding that the mind of Mr. Cisco was closed to all the presumptions arising from the long service and the unblemished character of the accused, availed themselves of the assistance of experts and of photography. An expert wrote an imitation of the Assistant Treasurer's name, which that official testified was his own genuine signature. He was as certain of it as he was of the genuineness of the disputed checks. The evidence of the expert who wrote the imitation, and the enlarged photograph of the signatures to the checks, made their traced, painted, false, and spurious character so apparent that the Auditor was at once discharged, notwithstanding the positive evidence of his chief. The result so intensely mortified him that he promptly resigned his office of Assistant Treasurer, declaring that nothing should induce him to withdraw his resignation.

Secretary Chase was fond of those who recognized his eminence, and were ready to serve him as their acknowledged superior. Those especially who were watchful of his convenience, and of opportunities to contribute to his personal comfort, secured a strong position in his esteem. Maunsel B. Field, an attaché in the office of the Assistant Treasurer of New York, was conspicuously a person of this class. From the first visit of the Secretary to New York after he took office, Mr. Field had attached himself to his personal service. His devotion to that service was perfect; so that afterward, as the visits of the Secretary increased in frequency, Mr. Field attended to his social engagements, and became the authorized agent for communication with him. Mr. Field was a person of polished manners, who had the *entrée* into society. He was also a writer for the newspapers and a Democrat, without much position or following in his party. His service was so attentive that the Secretary came to regard him as a kind of personal society representative. The office of Third Assistant Secretary of the Treasury was created for him. He was appointed to it, and removed to Washington, where he was afterward employed in a confidential relation near the Secretary's person. There were facts of which it is impossible that the Secretary long remained ignorant, which, though not reflecting upon his personal integrity, it was represented, necessarily disqualified him for any position of trust or pecuniary responsibility. From time to time he absented himself from the Treasury, sometimes for weeks

together. No one seemed to know whither he retired, or to have any knowledge of the cause of his absence.

Mr. Cisco had filled his important office of Assistant Treasurer with great fidelity to the country and credit to himself. The fact that he was a member of the Democratic party, most earnest in his co-operation with the administration in all its measures for the suppression of the rebellion, had enabled him to contribute to the success of Mr. Chase's financial measures more powerfully, probably, than any Republican could have done in the same position, while his personal influence upon members of his own party had been strong, and always exerted to promote the cause of the Union. Very strong Republican influences were therefore brought forward to induce Mr. Cisco to reconsider his resignation, but he had apparently determined to return to private life, and peremptorily insisted upon its acceptance.

Always having great responsibility from the amount of public treasure entrusted to his care, the Assistant Treasurer at New York was at that time the most important public officer in the republic, next after the members of the cabinet. The bank presidents of New York city, Boston, and Philadelphia then represented the money of the nation, and acting together, as they usually did, they could promote the early success or delay and obstruct the financial measures of the government. That they had always hitherto supported the Secretary, and co-operated in the execution of his plans, had been largely due to the influence of Mr. Cisco. There had been occasions when these bank officers had attempted to defeat some of these plans, or, at least, to limit their success. But the strength of the Secretary was re-enforced by the persistent influence of Mr. Cisco, always discreetly but constantly operating, so that when Mr. Chase met these gentlemen in the Assistant Treasurer's office, as he so frequently did, his personal magnetism usually brought them to his support. It was therefore most desirable that Mr. Cisco's successor should, so far as practicable, possess his qualities, sustain his relations to the banks, and continue to exercise his good judgment. Such a man was not readily found. Ex-Governor Morgan, then a Senator from New York, a financier of wide experience, and intimately acquainted with all the conditions which controlled financial movements in that city, took an active interest in the New York appointments. He was, perhaps, the most influential Republican in Congress, who was upon every ground entitled to be consulted in regard to those appointments. He suggested Mr. John A. Stewart, the president of the oldest and wealthiest trust company in the city, an able financier of ripe experience, a pure and patriotic man, as Mr. Cisco's successor. Secretary Chase approved, and the suggestion met with universal favor. But Mr. Stewart would not accept the appointment. He was unwilling to sacrifice his permanent position for one the tenure of which was uncertain, and this consideration was found to be controlling with other eminent financial men possessed of similar qualifications.

While it was generally understood that the Republican Congressmen of New York were looking for a suitable successor to Mr. Cisco, they were amazed by the discovery that Secretary Chase had sent the name of Maunsel B. Field to the President for appointment to that responsible office. The fact became public through Mr. Field himself, who disclosed it to Republicans to whom he applied for recommendations. It produced something like an explosion of indignant opposition.

It seemed impossible to account for this nomination upon the ordinary motives which control human action. It was one which Secretary Chase should have known was unwise to be made. The nominee had not one of the qualities which had made Mr. Cisco strong, or which had led to the selection of Mr. Stewart. He had no financial or political standing, and his natural abilities were of a literary rather than an executive character. It was not surprising, therefore, that Senator Morgan and other Republicans hurried to the President, and indignantly protested against Mr. Field's nomination. They did not measure their words. They claimed that such an appointment would be an insult to the Union men of New York; that it would injure the party and disgrace the administration; and finally they offered to procure a written protest against the nomination, to be signed by every Republican Senator and member of the House in the present Congress.

From the time the opposition to him was made public, the nomination of Mr.

Field became impossible. The natural course obviously was for the President to assume that Secretary Chase had suggested him in ignorance of the objections now urged against him; to request the Secretary to withdraw Mr. Field and make another nomination. But there had already been friction between the President and the Secretary on the subject of nominations, the latter insisting that as he was held responsible for the administration of the Treasury, he should hold the unrestricted power of appointment and removal. The President conceded his claim, but maintained that it should be reasonably exercised, and that he should not be requested to make an appointment to an office in a State the whole Congressional delegation of which opposed it, which would prove injurious to the party, or which was contrary to the traditions of the administration. In other instances the Secretary had shown himself unwilling to admit even these restrictions, and in the case of one appointment made against the wishes of the Republicans of a State, and rejected by the Senate, he threatened to resign his office unless the President renominated the rejected candidate a second time. Although the difficulty in the case referred to was compromised, the President anticipated that Secretary Chase would insist upon Mr. Field's appointment, notwithstanding all the objections—an opinion in which he was confirmed by the fact that the Secretary neither called upon nor communicated with him after some of the New York Republicans had remonstrated against the nomination to Mr. Chase in person.

After twenty-four hours' delay the President, waiving all ceremony, sent a polite note to the Treasury asking his Secretary *to oblige him* by sending him the nomination of some one who was not objectionable to the Senators from New York. Instead of withdrawing Mr. Field's name, Secretary Chase replied by note, asking for an interview. When two parties are seated actually in sight of, and begin to write formal notes to each other, they are neither very likely nor very desirous to agree. The President declined the interview, on the ground that the difference between them did not lie within the range of a conversation. In the mean time the ingenuity of Mr. Field himself devised a way out of the difficulty. Finding that he would lose the appointment, he brought certain Democratic influences to bear to induce Mr. Cisco temporarily to withdraw his resignation, so that he (Field) might take a place in the New York office, nominally under Mr. Cisco, but really to prepare the way for his own appointment after the adjournment of Congress, and when the defeat of Mr. Lincoln should have been indicated by the early fall elections. Mr. Cisco unexpectedly complied, and the subject of contention was for the moment apparently removed.

Secretary Chase had many subordinates who regarded it as their duty to magnify his office and exalt his name. He was firmly of opinion that no one but himself could maintain the national credit; these subordinates assured him that such was the prevailing opinion, and it had become an article of faith in the department. He had no doubt whatever that the President had embraced it. He believed that his offer of resignation would create a general public demand that he should continue at the head of the Treasury, and upon a recent occasion the President had confirmed his belief in that respect by urgently requesting him to change his purpose to resign. Although there was no adequate occasion for it, he thought the present an excellent opportunity to repeat both the resignation and his former experience. He therefore again tendered his resignation, accompanying it with an intimation that the failure to nominate Mr. Field had rendered his position one of embarrassment, difficulty, and painful responsibility.

The resignation was written and forwarded on the 29th of June. It was not unexpected to President Lincoln, and he dealt with it with wise deliberation. During the day he requested me to call at the White House at the close of business. I found him undisturbed, and apparently in a happy frame of mind.

"I have sent for you," he said, "to ask you a question. How long can the Treasury be 'run' under an acting appointment? Whom can I appoint who will not take the opportunity to run the engine off the track, or do any other damage?"

I was too much troubled and surprised to answer him directly. "Mr. President," I exclaimed, "you will not let so small a matter as this New York appointment separate yourself and Governor Chase? Do not, I beg of you! Tell me where the

trouble lies, and let me see if I cannot arrange it."

"No; it is past arrangement," he said. "I feel relieved since I have settled the question. I would not restore what they call the *status quo* if I could."

"But," I continued, "think of the country, of the Treasury, of the consequences! I do not for a moment excuse the Secretary. His nomination of Field was most unaccountable to me. But Secretary Chase, with all his faults, is a great financier. His administration of the Treasury has been a financial miracle. Who can fill his place? There is not a man in the Union who can do it. If the national credit goes under, the Union goes with it. I repeat it—Secretary Chase is to-day a national necessity."

"How mistaken you are!" he quietly observed. "Yet it is not strange; I used to have similar notions. No! If we should all be turned out to-morrow, and could come back here in a week, we should find our places filled by a lot of fellows doing just as well as we did, and in many instances better. As the Irishman said, 'In this country one man is as good as another; and, for the matter of that, very often a great deal better.' No; *this government does not depend upon the life of any man*," he said, impressively. "But you have not answered my question. There"—pointing to the table—"is Chase's resignation. I shall write its acceptance as soon as you have told me how much time I can take to hunt up another Secretary."

"The Treasury can be run under an acting appointment two or three days," I answered. "It ought not to be run for a day. There is an unwritten law of the department that an acting Secretary should do nothing but current business. No one whom you would be likely to appoint would consciously violate it."

"Whom shall I appoint acting Secretary?" he asked. "I have thought it would be scarcely proper to name one of the Assistant Secretaries after their chief is out."

"If you ask my opinion," I replied, "I should advise the appointment of the First Assistant. I fear the effect of this resignation upon the country, and it would be unwise to increase its evils by departing from the usual course. An intimation from you that nothing but current business should be transacted will certainly be respected."

"That seems sensible; I thank you for the suggestion," he said. "But I shall have to put on my thinking cap at once, and find a successor to Chase."

"Where is the man?" I exclaimed. "Mr. President, this is worse than another Bull Run defeat. Pray let me go to Secretary Chase, and see if I cannot induce him to withdraw his resignation. Otherwise I shall not sleep to-night."

I shall carry the memory of his next words as long as I live. Every time I think of them, Mr. Lincoln will seem to grow greater as a man—to be the greatest American who ever lived. Consider the circumstances. The country was in the fiercest throes of civil war; the President was weighted with the heaviest responsibilities; his Secretary of the Treasury was tendering his resignation when there was no good excuse for the act, manifestly to embarrass him and to increase his difficulties. Then weigh these words:

"I will tell you," he said, leaning back in his chair, and carelessly throwing one of his long legs over the other, "how it is with Chase. It is the easiest thing in the world for a man to fall into a bad habit. Chase has fallen into two bad habits. One is that to which I have often referred. He thinks he has become indispensable to the country, that his intimate friends know it, and he cannot comprehend why the country does not understand it. He also thinks he ought to be President; he has no doubt whatever about that. It is inconceivable to him why the people have not found it out—why they don't, as one man, rise up and say so. He is, as you say, an able financier; as you think without saying so, he is a great statesman, and, at the bottom, a patriot. Ordinarily he discharges a public trust, the duties of a public office, with great ability—with greater ability than any man I know. Mind, I say *ordinarily*, for these bad habits seem to have spoiled him. They have made him irritable, uncomfortable, so that he is never perfectly happy unless he is thoroughly miserable and able to make everybody else just as uncomfortable as he is himself. He knows that the nomination of Field would displease the Unionists of New York, would delight our enemies, and injure our friends. He knows that I could not make it without seriously offending the strongest supporters of the government in New York,

and that the nomination would not strengthen him anywhere or with anybody. Yet he resigns because I will not make it. He is either determined to annoy me, or that I shall pat him on the shoulder and coax him to stay. I don't think I ought to do it. I will not do it. I will take him at his word."

Here he made a long pause. His mobile face wore a speaking expression, and indicated that he was thinking earnestly; but with perfect coolness he continued: "And yet there is not a man in the Union who would make as good a Chief Justice as Chase." There was another pause; his plain homely face was illuminated as he added: "And if I have the opportunity, I will make him Chief Justice of the United States."

I thought at the time, and I have never since changed the opinion, that a man who could form such a just estimate and avow such a purpose in relation to another who had just performed a gratuitous act of personal annoyance intended to add to his responsibilities—already the greatest which any American had ever undertaken—who seemed wholly incapable of any thought of punishment or even reproof, must move upon a higher plane and be influenced by loftier motives than any man I had before met with. In the entire interview there was not an indication of passion or prejudice; there was a complete elimination of himself from the situation. There was nothing but the impartiality of a just judge, the disinterestedness of a patriot, the stoicism of a philosopher. I was silenced, and about to take my leave, when he said:

"Well, then, I understand I can take three days of grace. In that time I shall find somebody who will fit the notch and satisfy the nation. Perhaps I shall find him to-night. My best thoughts always come in the night. As soon as I find him, you shall know. I must first write my acceptance of Chase's resignation."

On the following day, June 30th, the President sent the nomination of Ex-Governor Tod, of Ohio, as Secretary of the Treasury to the Senate for confirmation. There is no occasion now to inquire after his motives. Undoubtedly his first thought was of an Ohio man, his opinion being settled that it was better not to select a Secretary from any of the Atlantic States. The nomination was not well received, and it was a relief to his friends when, during the evening, Mr. Tod, by telegraph, peremptorily declined it.

Before sunrise the next day I was again sent for. I rode to the White House in the dawning light of an early summer morning, and found the President in his waistcoat, trousers, and slippers. He had evidently just left his bed, and had not taken time to dress himself. As I entered the familiar room, he said, in a cheerful, satisfied voice:

"I have sent for you to let you know that we have got a Secretary of the Treasury. If your sleep has been disturbed, you have time for a morning nap. You will like to meet him when the department opens."

"I am indeed glad to hear it," I said. "But who is he?"

"Oh, you will like the appointment, so will the country, so will everybody. It is the best appointment possible. Strange that I should have had any doubt about it. What have you to say to Mr. Fessenden?"

"He would be an eminently proper appointment," I answered. "The chairman of the Senate Committee on Finance; perfectly familiar with all our financial legislation; a strong, able man, and a true friend of the Union. He is also next in the direct line of promotion. But he will not accept. His health is frail, and his present position suits him. There is not one chance in a thousand of his acceptance."

"He will accept; have no fear on that account. I have just notified him of his appointment, and I expect him every moment."

At this moment the door suddenly opened, and Mr. Fessenden almost burst into the room, without being announced. His thin face was colorless; there was intense excitement in his voice and movements.

"I cannot! I will not! I should be a dead man in a week. I am a sick man now. I cannot accept this appointment, for which I have no qualifications. You, Mr. President, ought not to ask me to do it. Pray relieve me by saying that you will withdraw it. I repeat, I cannot and I will not accept it."

The President rose from his chair, approached Mr. Fessenden, and threw his arm around his neck. It may seem ludicrous, but as I saw that long and apparently unstiffened limb winding like a ca-

ble about the small neck of the Senator from Maine, I wondered how many times the arm would encircle it. His voice was serious and emphatic, but without any assumption of solemnity, as he said:

"Fessenden, since I have occupied this place, every appointment I have made upon my own judgment has proved to be a good one. I do not say the best that could have been made, but good enough to answer the purpose. All the mistakes I have made have been in cases where I have permitted my own judgment to be overruled by that of others. Last night I saw my way clear to appoint you Secretary of the Treasury. I do not think you have any right to tell me you will not accept the place. I believe that the suppression of the rebellion has been decreed by a higher power than any represented by us, and that the Almighty is using His own means to that end. You are one of them. It is as much your duty to accept as it is mine to appoint. Your nomination is now on the way from the State Department, and in a few minutes it will be here. It will be in the Senate at noon, you will be immediately and unanimously confirmed, and by one o'clock to-day you must be signing warrants in the Treasury."

Mr. Fessenden was intellectually a strong man, one of the last men to surrender his own judgment to the will of another, but he made no effort to resist the President's appeal. He cast his eyes upon the floor, and murmured, "Well, perhaps I ought to think about it," and turned to leave the room.

"No," said the President;" this matter is settled here and now. I am told that it is very necessary that a Secretary should act to-day. You must enter upon your duties to-day. I will assure you that if a change becomes desirable hereafter, I will be ready and willing to make it. But, unless I misunderstand the temper of the public, your appointment will be so satisfactory that we shall have no occasion to deal with any question of change for some time to come."

At this point the conversation terminated, and all the persons present separated. The result is well known. Mr. Fessenden's appointment was entirely satisfactory, and the affairs of the Treasury went on so smoothly that no change in the financial policy of Secretary Chase was attempted; and from this time until the resignation of Mr. Fessenden there was no further friction between the Treasury Department and the Executive.

Chief Justice Taney died in the following October. The friends of Secretary Chase immediately put forth the strongest effort possible to secure for him an appointment to the vacancy. They were assured that no such effort was necessary, that he would receive the appointment without asking for it. They would not and could not accept the assurance. They said that Mr. Chase had made some very harsh observations about Mr. Lincoln which must have come to his knowledge; that nothing would induce him to overlook those remarks, unless there was practically a united demand from all the leaders of the Republican party for the appointment. I am sincerely grateful that I had at that time so true an appreciation of Mr. Lincoln's character that I knew that such remarks would make no impression whatever upon his mind. I was confirmed in my opinion by the information I received of the experience of the friend of another candidate, who attempted to improve his chances by repeating to the President some of these remarks of his former Secretary. The President at first replied that the Secretary was probably justified in his observations, but when the advocate pressed the point more earnestly, he received a reproof from the President which permanently suppressed further effort in that direction.

The appointment was made in November, as speedily as was appropriate after the vacancy occurred. The only direction of the President I ever consciously violated was when, after the appointment, I had the satisfaction of informing the Chief Justice that his appointment had been decided upon on the 30th of the previous June, after which the President had never contemplated any other. Not many days afterward I was shown a copy of a letter such as Mr. Chase alone could have written, in which he expressed his gratitude for the appointment, which he said he desired more than any other. Thus was the *entente cordiale* restored between these two eminent Americans, never again to be broken or interrupted. Among the sorrowing hearts around the dying bed of the republic's greatest President there was none more affectionate than that which beat in the bosom of his Chief Justice.

THE HEART OF THE DESERT.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

I WENT to it with reluctance. I shrink from attempting to say anything about it. If you knew that there was one spot on the earth where Nature kept her secret of secrets, the key to the action of her most gigantic and patient forces through the long eras, the marvel of constructive and destructive energy, in features of sublimity made possible to mental endurance by the most exquisite devices of painting and sculpture, the wonder which is without parallel or comparison, would you not hesitate to approach it? Would you not wander and delay with this and that wonder, and this and that beauty and nobility of scenery, putting off the day when the imagination, which is our highest gift, must be extinguished by the reality? The mind has this judicious timidity. Do we not loiter in the avenue of the temple, dallying with the vista of giant plane-trees and statues, and noting the carving and the color, mentally shrinking from the moment when the full glory shall burst upon us? We turn and look when we are near a summit, we pick a flower, we note the shape of the clouds, the passing breeze, before we take the last step that shall reveal to us the vast panorama of mountains and valleys.

I cannot bring myself to any description of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado by any other route, mental or physical, than that by which we reached it, by the way of such beauty as Monterey, such a wonder as the Yosemite, and the infinite and picturesque deserts of New Mexico and Arizona. I think the mind needs the training in the desert scenery to enable it to grasp the unique sublimity of the Grand Cañon.

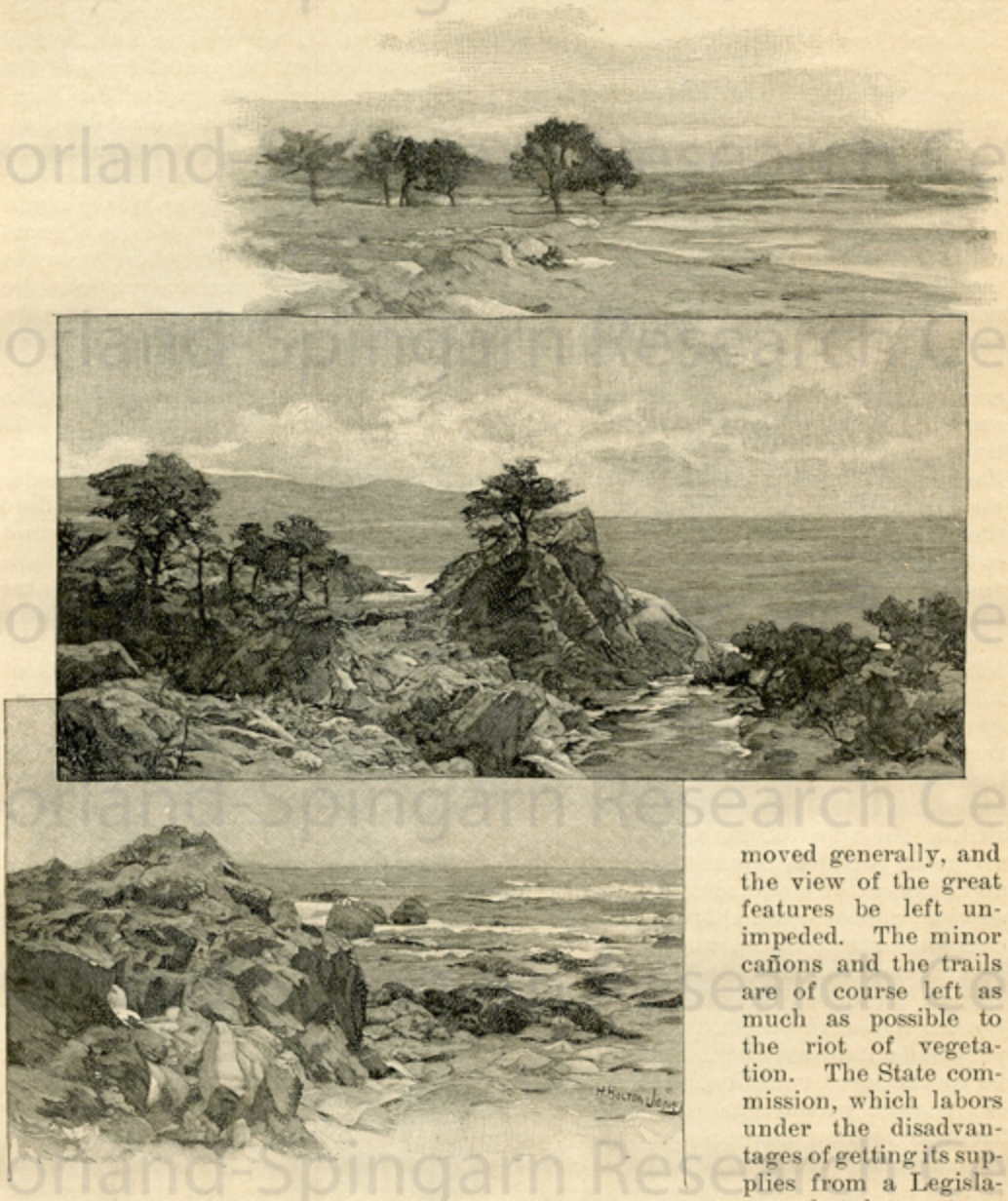
The road to the Yosemite, after leaving the branch of the Southern Pacific at Raymond, is an unnecessarily fatiguing one. The journey by stage—sixty-five miles—is accomplished in less than two days—thirty-nine miles the first day, and twenty-six the second. The driving is necessarily slow, because two mountain ridges have to be surmounted, at an elevation each of about 6500 feet. The road is not a "road" at all as the term is understood in Switzerland, Spain, or in any highly civilized region—that is, a graded, smooth, hard, and sufficiently broad track. It is a makeshift highway, generally narrow (often too narrow for two teams to pass), cast up with loose material, or excavated on the slopes with frequent short curves and double curves. Like all mountain roads which skirt precipices, it may seem "pokerish," but it is safe enough if the drivers are skilful and careful (all the drivers on this route are not only excellent, but exceedingly civil as well), and there is no break in wagon or harness. At the season this trip is made the weather is apt to be warm, but this would not matter so much if the road were not intolerably dusty. Over a great part of the way the dust rises in clouds and is stifling. On a well-engineered road, with a good road-bed, the time of passage might not be shortened, but the journey would be made with positive comfort and enjoyment, for though there is a certain monotony in the scenery, there is the wild freshness of nature, now and then an extensive prospect, a sight of the snow-clad Nevadas, and vast stretches of woodland; and a part of the way the forests are magnificent, especially the stupendous growth of the sugar-pine. These noble forests are now protected by their inaccessibility.

From 1855 to 1864, nine years, the Yosemite had 653 visitors; in 1864 there were 147. The number increased steadily till 1869, the year the overland railroad was completed, when it jumped to 1122. Between 4000 and 5000 persons visit it now each year. The number would be enormously increased if it could be reached by rail, and doubtless a road will be built to the valley in the near future, perhaps up the Merced River. I believe that the pilgrims who used to go to the Yosemite on foot or on horseback regret the building of the stage road, the enjoyment of the wonderful valley being somehow cheapened by the comparative ease of reaching it. It is feared that a railway would still further cheapen, if it did not vulgarize it, and that passengers by train would miss the mountain scenery, the splendid forests, the surprises of the way (like the first view of the valley from Inspiration Point), and that the Mariposa big trees would be further off the route than they are now. The traveller sees them now by driving eight miles from Wawona, the end of the

THE YOSEMITE DOME.

first day's staging. But the romance for the few there is in staging will have to give way to the greater comfort of the many by rail. The railway will do no more injury to the Yosemite than it has done to Niagara, and in fact will be the means of immensely increasing the comfort of the visitor's stay there, besides enabling tens of thousands of people to see it who cannot stand the fatigue of the stage ride over the present road. The Yosemite will remain as it is. The simplicity of its grand features is unassailable so long as the government protects the forests that surround it and the streams that pour into it. The visitor who goes there by rail will find plenty of adventure for days and weeks in following the mountain trails, ascending to the great points of view, exploring the cañons, or climbing so as to command the vast stretch of the snowy Sierras. Or, if he is not inclined to adventure, the valley itself will satisfy his highest imaginative flights of the sublime in rock masses and perpendicular ledges, and his sense of beauty in the graceful water-falls, rainbow colors, and exquisite lines of domes and pinnacles. It is in the grouping of objects of sublimity and beauty that the Yosemite excels. The narrow valley, with its gigantic walls, which vary in every change of the point of view, lends itself to the most astonishing scenic effects, and these the photograph has reproduced, so that the world is familiar with the striking features of the valley, and has a tolerably correct idea of the sublimity of some of these features. What the photograph cannot do is to give an impression of the unique grouping, of the majesty, and at times crushing weight upon the mind, of the forms and masses, of the atmospheric splendor and illusion, and of the total value of such an assemblage of wonders. The level surface of the peaceful park-like valley has much to do with the impression. The effect of El Capitan, seen across a meadow and rising from a beautiful park, is much greater than if it were encountered in a savage mountain gorge. The traveller may have seen elsewhere greater water-falls, and domes and spires of rock as surprising, but he has nowhere else seen such a combination as this. He may be fortified against surprise by the photographs he has seen and the reports of word painters, but he will not escape (say at Inspiration Point, or Artist Point, or other lookouts) a quickening of the pulse and an elation which is physical as well as mental, in the sight of such unexpected sublimity and beauty. And familiarity will scarcely take off the edge of his delight, so varied are the effects in the passing hours and changing lights. The Rainbow Fall, when water is abundant, is exceedingly impressive as well as beautiful. Seen from the carriage road, pouring out of the sky overhead, it gives a sense of power, and at the proper hour before sunset, when the vast mass of leaping, foaming water is shot through with the colors of the spectrum, it is one of the most exquisite sights the world can offer; the elemental forces are overwhelming, but the loveliness is engaging. One turns from this to the noble mass of El Capitan with a shock of surprise, however often it may have been seen. This is the hour, also, in the time of high-water, to see the reflection of the Yosemite Falls. As a spectacle it is infinitely finer than anything at Mirror Lake, and is unique in its way. To behold this beautiful series of falls, flowing down out of the blue sky above, and flowing up out of an equally blue sky in the depths of the earth, is a sight not to be forgotten. And when the observer passes from these displays to the sight of the aerial domes in the upper end of the valley, new wonders opening at every turn of the forest road, his excitement has little chance of subsiding. He may be even a little oppressed. The valley, so verdant and friendly with grass and trees and flowers, is so narrow compared with the height of its perpendicular guardian walls, and this little secluded spot is so imprisoned in the gigantic mountains, that man has a feeling of helplessness in it. This powerlessness in the presence of elemental forces was heightened by the deluge of water. There had been an immense fall of snow the winter before, the Merced was a raging torrent, overflowing its banks, and from every ledge poured a miniature cataract.

Noble simplicity is the key-note to the scenery of the Yosemite, and this is enhanced by the park-like appearance of the floor of the valley. The stems of the fine trees are in harmony with the perpendicular lines, and their foliage adds the necessary contrast to the gray rock masses. In order to preserve these forest trees, the underbrush, which is liable to make a conflagration in a dry season, should be re-



1. COAST OF MONTEREY. 2. CYPRESS POINT. 3. NEAR SEAL ROCK.

moved generally, and the view of the great features be left unimpeded. The minor cañons and the trails are of course left as much as possible to the riot of vegetation. The State commission, which labors under the disadvantages of getting its supplies from a Legislature that does not appreciate the value of the Yosemite to California, has established a model trail service. The Yosemite, it need not be said, is a great attraction to tourists from all parts of the world; it is the interest of the State, therefore, to increase their number by improving the facilities for reaching it, and by resolutely preserving all the surrounding region from ravage.

This is as true of the Mariposa big tree region as of the valley. Indeed, more care is needed for the trees than for the great chasm, for man cannot permanently injure the distinctive features of the latter, while the destruction of the sequoias will be an irreparable loss to the State and to the world. The *Sequoia gigantea* differs in leaf, and size and shape of cone, from the great *Sequoia semper virens* on the coast near Santa Cruz; neither can be spared. The Mariposa trees, scattered along on a mountain ridge 6500 feet above the sea, do not easily obtain their victory, for they are a part of a magnificent forest of other growths, among which the noble

sugar-pine is conspicuous for its enormous size and graceful vigor. The sequoias dominate among splendid rivals only by a magnitude that has no comparison elsewhere in the world. I think no one can anticipate the effect that one of these monarchs will have upon him. He has read that a coach and six can drive through one of the trees that is standing; that another is thirty-three feet in diameter, and that its vast stem, 350 feet high, is crowned with a mass of foliage that seems to brush against the sky. He might be prepared for a tower one hundred feet in circumference, and even four hundred feet high, standing upon a level plain. But this living growth is quite another affair. Each tree is an individual, and has a personal character. No man can stand in the presence of one of these giants without a new sense of the age of the world and the insignificant span of one human life; but he is also overpowered by a sense of some gigantic personality. It does not relieve him to think of this as the Methuselah of trees, or to call it by the name of some great poet or captain. The awe the tree inspires is of itself. As one lies and looks up at the enormous bulk, it seems not so much the bulk, so lightly is it carried, as the spirit of the tree, the elastic vigor, the patience, the endurance of storm and change, the confident might, and the soaring, almost contemptuous pride, that overwhelm the puny spectator. It is just because man can measure himself, his littleness, his brevity of existence, with this growth out of the earth, that he is more personally impressed by it than he might be by the mere variation in the contour of the globe which is called a mountain. The imagination makes a plausible effort to comprehend it, and is foiled. No, clearly it is not mere size that impresses one; it is the dignity, the character in the tree, the authority and power of antiquity. Side by side of these venerable forms are young sequoias, great trees themselves, that have only just begun their millennial career—trees that will, if spared, perpetuate to remote ages this race of giants, and in two to four thousand years from now take the place of their great-grandfathers, who are sinking under the weight of years, and one by one measuring their length on the earth.

The transition from the sublime to the exquisitely lovely in nature can nowhere else be made with more celerity than from the Sierras to the coast at Monterey. California abounds in such contrasts and surprises. After the great stirring of the emotions by the Yosemite and the Mariposa, the Hotel del Monte Park and vicinity offer repose, and make an appeal to the sense of beauty and refinement. Yet even here something unique is again encountered. I do not refer to the extraordinary beauty of the giant live-oaks and the landscape-gardening about the hotel, which have made Monterey famous the world over, but to the sea-beach drive of sixteen miles, which can scarcely be rivalled elsewhere either for marine loveliness or variety of coast scenery. It has points like the ocean drive at Newport, but is altogether on a grander scale, and shows a more poetic union of shore and sea; besides, it offers the curious and fascinating spectacles of the rocks inhabited by the sea-lions, and the Cypress Point. These huge uncouth creatures can be seen elsewhere, but probably nowhere else on this coast are they massed in greater numbers. The trees of Cypress Point are unique, this species of cypress having been found nowhere else. The long, never-ceasing swell of the Pacific incessantly flows up the many crescent sand beaches, casting up shells of brilliant hues, sea-weed, and kelp, which seems instinct with animal life, and flotsam from the far-off islands. But the rocks that lie off the shore, and the jagged points that project in fanciful forms, break the even great swell, and send the waters, churned into spray and foam, into the air with a thousand hues in the sun. The shock of these sharp collisions mingles with the heavy ocean boom. Cypress Point is one of the most conspicuous of these projections, and its strange trees creep out upon the ragged ledges almost to the water's edge. These cypresses are quite as instinct with individual life and quite as fantastic as any that Doré drew for his "Inferno." They are as gnarled and twisted as olive-trees two centuries old, but their attitudes seem not only to show struggle with the elements, but agony in that struggle. The agony may be that of torture in the tempest, or of some fabled creatures fleeing and pursued, stretching out their long arms in terror, and fixed in that writhing fear. They are creatures of the sea quite as much as of the land, and they give to this lovely coast a strange charm and fascination.

LAGUNA, FROM THE SOUTHEAST.

CHURCH AT LAGUNA.

The traveller to California by the Santa Fe route comes into the arid regions gradually, and finds each day a variety of objects of interest that upsets his conception of a monotonous desert land. If he chooses to break the continental journey midway, he can turn aside at Las Vegas to the Hot Springs. Here, at the head of a picturesque valley, is the Montezuma Hotel, a luxurious and handsome house, 6767 feet above sea-level, a great surprise in the midst of the broken and somewhat savage New-Mexican scenery. The low hills covered with pines and piñons, the romantic glens, and the wide views from the elevations about the hotel, make it an attractive place; and a great deal has been done, in the erection of bath-houses, ornamental gardening, and the grading of roads and walks, to make it a comfortable place. The latitude and the dryness of the atmosphere insure for the traveller from the North in our winter an agreeable reception, and the elevation makes the spot in the summer a desirable resort from Southern heat. It is a sanitarium as well as a pleasure resort. The Hot Springs have much the same character as the Töplitz waters in Bohemia, and the saturated earth—the *Mutterlager*—furnishes the curative "mud baths" which are enjoyed at Marienbad and Carlsbad. The union of the climate, which is so favorable in diseases of the respiratory organs, with the waters, which do so much for rheumatic sufferers, gives a distinction to Las Vegas Hot Springs. This New-Mexican air—there is none purer on the globe—is an enemy to hay-fever and malarial diseases. It was a wise enterprise to provide that those who wish to try its efficacy can do so at the Montezuma without giving up any of the comforts of civilized life.

It is difficult to explain to one who has not seen it, or will not put himself in the leisurely frame of mind to enjoy it, the charms of the desert of the high plateaus of New Mexico and Arizona. Its arid character is not so impressive as its ancientness; and the part which interests us is not only the procession of the long geologic eras, visible in the extinct volcanoes, the *barrancas*, the painted buttes, the petrified forests, but as well in the evidences of civilizations gone by, or the remains of them surviving in our day—the cliff dwellings, the ruins of cities that were thriving when Coronado sent his lieutenants through the region three centuries ago, and the present residences of the Pueblo Indians, either villages perched upon an almost inaccessible rock like Acamo, or clusters of adobe dwellings like Isleta and Laguna. The Pueblo Indians, of whom the Zuñis are a tribe, have been dwellers in villages and cultivators of the soil and of the arts of peace immemorially, a gentle, amiable race. It is indeed such a race as one would expect to find in the land of the sun and the cactus. Their manners and their arts attest their antiquity and a long refinement in fixed

dwellings and occupations. The whole region is a most interesting field for the antiquarian.

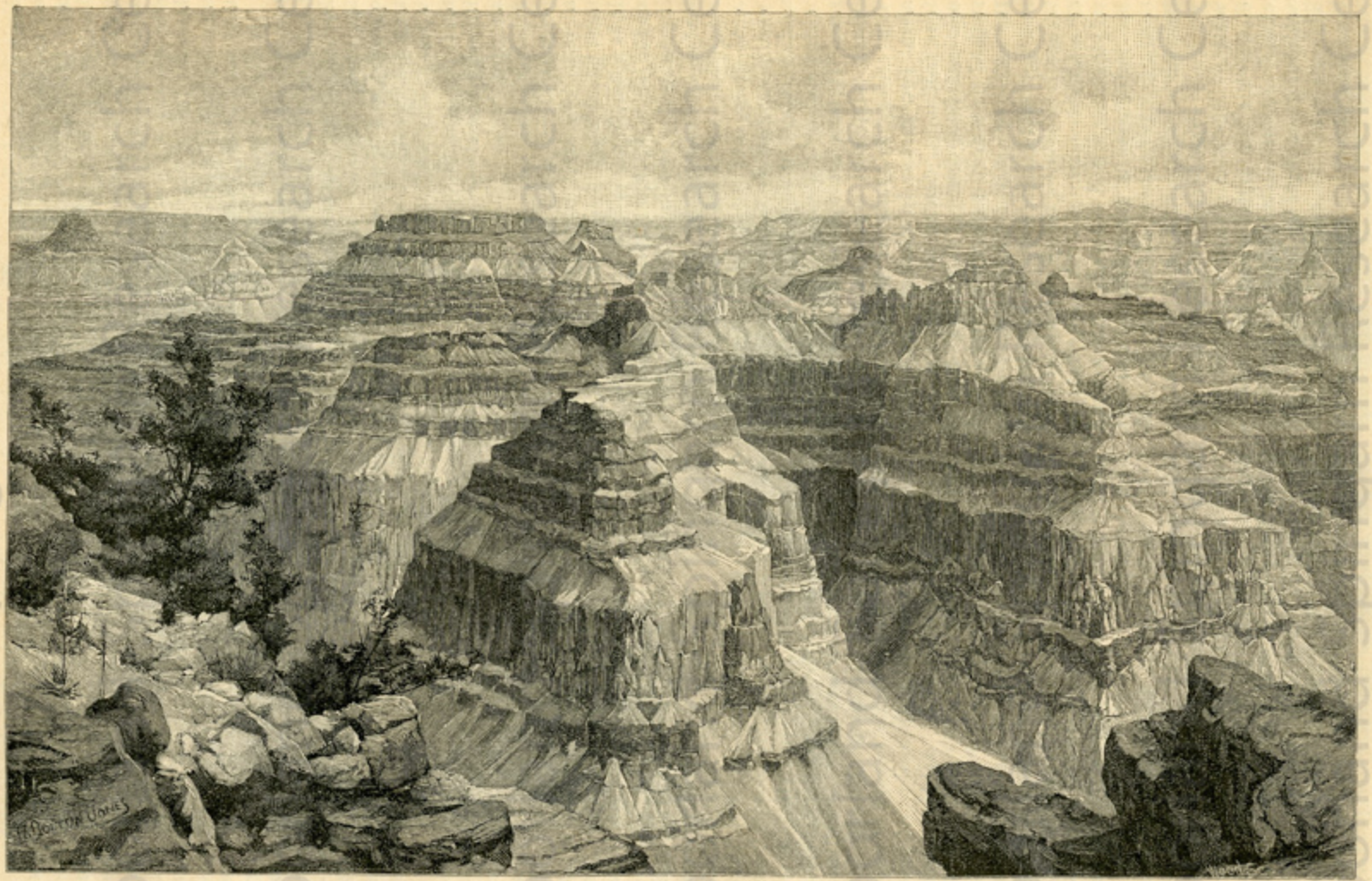
We stopped one day at Laguna, which is on the Santa Fe line west of Isleta, another Indian pueblo at the Atlantic and Pacific junction, where the road crosses the Rio Grande del Norte west of Albuquerque. Near Laguna a little stream called the Rio Puerco flows southward and joins the Rio Grande. There is verdure along these streams, and gardens and fruit orchards repay the rude irrigation. In spite of these watercourses the aspect of the landscape is wild and desert-like—low barren hills and ragged ledges, wide sweeps of sand and dry gray bushes, with mountains and long lines of horizontal ledges in the distance. Laguna is built upon a rounded elevation of rock. Its appearance is exactly that of a Syrian village, the same cluster of little, square, flat-roofed houses in terraces, the same brown color, and under the same pale blue sky. And the resemblance was completed by the figures of the women on the roofs, or moving down the slope, erect and supple, carrying on the head a water jar, and holding together by one hand the mantle worn like a Spanish *rebozo*. The village is irregularly built, without much regard to streets or alleys, and it has no special side of entrance or approach. Every side presents a blank wall of adobe, and the entrance seems quite by chance. Yet the way we went

TERRACED HOUSES, PUEBLO OF LAGUNA.

over, the smooth slope was worn here and there in channels three or four inches deep, as if by the passing feet of many generations. The only semblance of architectural regularity is in the plaza, not perfectly square, upon which some of the houses look, and where the annual dances take place. The houses have the effect of being built in terraces rising one above the other, but it is hard to say exactly what a house is—whether it is anything more than one room. You can reach some of the houses only by aid of a ladder. You enter others from the street. If you will go further, you must climb a ladder, which brings you to the roof, that is used as the sitting-room or door-yard of the next room. From this room you may still ascend to others, or you may pass through low and small doorways to other apartments. It is all hap-hazard, but exceedingly picturesque. You may find some of the family in every room, or they may be gathered, women and babies, on a roof which is protected by a parapet. At the time of our visit the men were all away at work in their fields. Notwithstanding the houses are only sun-dried bricks, and the village is without water or street commissioners, I was struck by the universal cleanliness. There was no refuse in the corners or alleys, no odors, and many of the rooms were patterns of neatness. To be sure, an old woman here and there kept her hens in an adjoining apartment above her own, and there was the litter of children and of rather careless house-keeping. But, taken altogether, the town is an example for some more civilized, whose inhabitants wash oftener and dress better than these Indians.

We were put on friendly terms with the whole settlement through three or four young maidens who had been at the Carlisle school, and spoke English very prettily. They were of the ages of fifteen and sixteen, and some of them had been five years away. They came back, so far as I could learn, gladly to their own people and to the old ways. They had resumed the Indian dress, which is much more becoming to them, as I think they know, than that which had been imposed upon them. I saw no books. They do not read any now, and they appear to be perfectly content with the idle drudgery of their semi-savage condition. In time they will marry in their tribe, and the school episode will be a thing of the past. But not altogether. The pretty Josephine, who was our best cicerone about the place, a girl of lovely eyes and modest mien, showed us with pride her own room, or "house," as she called it, neat as could be, simply furnished with an iron bedstead and snow-white cot, a mirror, chair, and table, and a trunk, and some "advertising" prints on the walls. She said that she was needed at home to cook for her aged mother, and her present ambition was to make money enough by the sale of pottery and curios to buy a cooking stove, so that she could cook more as the whites do. The house-work of the family had mainly fallen upon her; but it was not burdensome, I fancied, and she and the other girls of her age had leisure to go to the station on the arrival of every train, in hope of selling something to the passengers, and to sit on the rocks in the sun and dream as maidens do. I fancy it would be better for Josephine and for all the rest if there were no station and no passing trains. The elder women were uniformly ugly, but not repulsive like the Mojaves; the place swarmed with children, and the babies, aged women, and pleasing young girls grouped most effectively on the roofs.

The whole community were very complaisant and friendly when we came to know them well, which we did in the course of an hour, and they enjoyed as much as we did the bargaining for pottery. They have for sale a great quantity of small pieces, fantastic in form and brilliantly colored—toys, in fact; but we found in their houses many beautiful jars of large size and excellent shape, decorated most effectively. The ordinary utensils for cooking and for cooling water are generally pretty in design and painted artistically. Like the ancient Peruvians, they make many vessels in the forms of beasts and birds. Some of the designs of the decoration are highly conventionalized, and others are just in the proper artistic line of the natural—a spray with a bird, or a sunflower on its stalk. The ware is all unglazed, exceedingly light and thin, and baked so hard that it has a metallic sound when struck. Some of the large jars are classic in shape, and recall in form and decoration the ancient Cypriote ware, but the colors are commonly brilliant and barbaric. The designs seem to be indigenous, and to betray



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO—VIEW FROM POINT SUBLIME.

little Spanish influence. The art displayed in this pottery is indeed wonderful, and, to my eye, much more effective and lastingly pleasing than much of our cultivated decoration. A couple of handsome jars that I bought of an old woman, she assured me she made and decorated herself; but I saw no ovens there, nor any signs of manufacture, and suppose that most of the ware is made at Acoma.

It did not seem to be a very religious community, although the town has a Catholic church, and I understand that Protestant services are sometimes held in the place. The church is not much frequented, and the only evidence of devotion I encountered was in a woman who wore a large and handsome silver cross, made by the Navajos. When I asked its price, she clasped it to her bosom, with an upward look full of faith and of refusal to part with her religion at any price. The church, which is adobe, and at least two centuries old, is one of the most interesting I have seen anywhere. It is a simple parallelogram, 104 feet long and 21 feet broad, the gable having an opening in which the bells hang. The interior is exceedingly curious, and its decorations are worth reproduction. The floor is of earth, and many of the tribe who were distinguished and died long ago are said to repose under its smooth surface, with nothing to mark their place of sepulture. It has an open timber roof, the beams supported upon carved corbels. The ceiling is made of wooden sticks, about two inches in diameter and some four feet long, painted in alternated colors—red, blue, orange, and black—and so twisted or woven together as to produce the effect of plaited straw, a most novel and agreeable decoration. Over the entrance is a small gallery, the under roof of which is composed of sticks laid in straw pattern and colored. All around the walls runs a most striking dado, an odd, angular pattern, with conventionalized birds at intervals, painted in strong yet *fade* colors—red, yellow, black, and white. The north wall is without windows; all the light, when the door is closed, comes from two irregular windows, without glass, high up in the south wall. The chancel walls are covered with frescoes, and there are several quaint paintings, some of them not very bad in color and drawing. The altar, which is supported at the sides by twisted wooden pillars carved with a knife, is hung with ancient sheepskins brightly painted. Back of the altar are some archaic wooden images, colored; and over the altar, on the ceiling, are the stars of heaven, and the sun and the moon, each with a face in it. The interior was scrupulously clean and sweet and restful to one coming in from the glare of the sun on the desert. It was evidently little used, and the Indians who accompanied us seemed under no strong impression of its sanctity; but we liked to linger in it, it was so *bizarre*, so picturesque, and exhibited in its rude decoration so much taste. Two or three small birds flitting about seemed to enjoy the coolness and the subdued light, and were undisturbed by our presence.

These are children of the desert, kin in their condition and the influences that formed them to the sedentary tribes of upper Egypt and Arabia, who pitch their villages upon the rocky eminences, and depend for subsistence upon irrigation and scant pasturage. Their habits are those of the dwellers in an arid land which has little in common with the wilderness—the inhospitable northern wilderness of rain and frost and snow. Rain, to be sure, insures some sort of vegetation in the most forbidding and intractable country, but that does not save the harsh landscape from being unattractive. The high plateaus of New Mexico and Arizona have everything that the rainy wilderness lacks—sunshine, heaven's own air, immense breadth of horizon, color and infinite beauty of outline, and a warm soil with unlimited possibilities when moistened. All that these deserts need is water. A fatal want? No. That is simply saying that science can do for this region what it cannot do for the high wilderness of frost—by the transportation of water transform it into gardens of bloom and fields of fruitfulness. The wilderness shall be made to feed the desert.

I confess that these deserts in the warm latitudes fascinate me. Perhaps it is because I perceive in them such a chance for the triumph of the skill of man, seeing how, here and there, his energy has pushed the desert out of his path across the continent. But I fear that I am not so practical. To many the desert in its stony sterility, its desolateness, its unbroken solitude, its fantastic savageness, is either appalling or repulsive. To them it is tiresome and monotonous. The vast

INTERIOR OF THE CHURCH AT LAGUNA.

plains of Kansas and Nebraska are monotonous even in the agricultural green of summer. Not so to me the desert. It is as changeable in its lights and colors as the ocean. It is even in its general features of sameness never long the same. If you traverse it on foot or on horseback, there is ever some minor novelty. And on the swift train, if you draw down the curtain against the glare, or turn to your book, you are sure to miss something of interest—a deep cañon rift in the plain, a turn that gives a wide view glowing in a hundred hues in the sun, a savage gorge with beetling rocks, a solitary butte or red truncated pyramid thrust up into the blue sky, a horizontal ledge cutting the horizon line as straight as a ruler for miles, a pointed cliff uplifted sheer from the plain and laid in regular courses of Cyclopean masonry, the battlements of a fort, a terraced castle with towers and esplanade, a great trough of a valley, gray and parched, enclosed by far purple mountains. And then the unlimited freedom of it, its infinite expansion, its air like wine to the senses, the floods of sunshine, the waves of color, the translucent atmosphere that aids the imagination to create in the distance all architectural splendors and realms of peace. It is all like a mirage and a dream. We pass swiftly, and make a moving panorama of beauty in hues, of strangeness in forms, of sublimity in extent, of overawing and savage antiquity. I would miss none of it. And when we pass to the accustomed again, to the fields of verdure and the forests and the hills of green, and are limited in view and shut in by that which we love, after

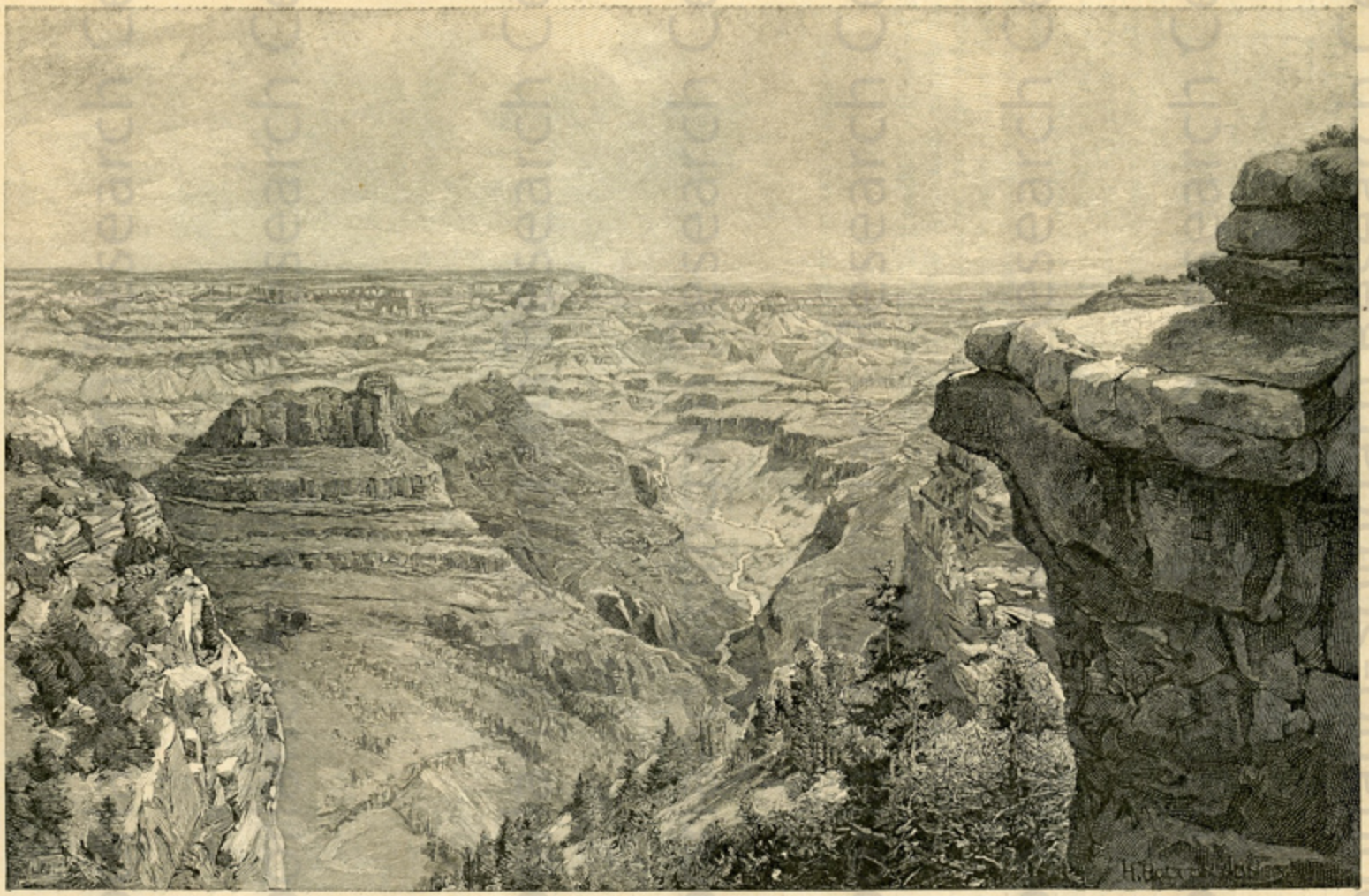
all, better than the arid land, I have a great longing to see again the desert, to be a part of its vastness, and to feel once more the freedom and inspiration of its illimitable horizons.

There is an arid region lying in northern Arizona and southern Utah which has been called the District of the Grand Cañon of the Colorado. The area, roughly estimated, contains from 13,000 to 16,000 square miles—about the size of the State of Maryland. This region, fully described by the explorers and studied by the geologists in the United States service, but little known to even the travelling public, is probably the most interesting territory of its size on the globe. At least it is unique. In attempting to convey an idea of it the writer can be assisted by no comparison, nor can he appeal in the minds of his readers to any experience of scenery that can apply here. The so-called Grand Cañon differs not in degree from all other scenes; it differs in kind.

The Colorado River flows southward through Utah, and crosses the Arizona line below the junction with the San Juan. It continues southward, flowing deep in what is called the Marble Cañon, till it is joined by the Little Colorado, coming up from the southeast; it then turns westward in a devious line until it drops straight south, and forms the western boundary of Arizona. The centre of the district mentioned is the westwardly flowing part of the Colorado. South of the river is the Colorado Plateau, at a general elevation of about 7000 feet. North of it the land is higher, and ascends in a series of plateaus, and then terraces, a succession of cliffs like a great stairway, rising to the high plateaus of Utah. The plateaus, adjoining the river on the north and well marked by north and south dividing lines, or faults, are, naming them from east to west, the Paria, the Kaibab, the Kanab, the Uinkaret, and the Sheavwitz, terminating in a great wall on the west, the Great Wash fault, where the surface of the country drops at once from a general elevation of 6000 feet to from 1300 to 3000 feet above the sea-level—into a desolate and formidable desert.

If the Grand Cañon itself did not dwarf everything else, the scenery of these plateaus would be superlative in interest. It is not all desert, nor are the gorges, cañons, cliffs, and terraces, which gradually prepare the mind for the comprehension of the Grand Cañon, the only wonders of this land of enchantment. These are contrasted with the sylvan scenery of the Kaibab plateau, its giant forests and parks, and broad meadows decked in the summer with wild flowers in dense masses of scarlet, white, purple, and yellow. The Vermilion Cliffs, the Pink Cliffs, the White Cliffs, surpass in fantastic form and brilliant color anything that the imagination conceives possible in nature, and there are dreamy landscapes quite beyond the most exquisite fancies of Claude and of Turner. The region is full of wonders, of beauties, and sublimities that Shelley's imaginings do not match in the "Prometheus Unbound," and when it becomes accessible to the tourist it will offer endless field for the delight of those whose minds can rise to the heights of the sublime and the beautiful. In all imaginative writing or painting the material used is that of human experience, otherwise it could not be understood, even heaven must be described in the terms of an earthly paradise. Human experience has no prototype of this region, and the imagination has never conceived of its forms and colors. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of it by pen or pencil or brush. The reader who is familiar with the glowing descriptions in the official reports of Major J. W. Powell, Captain C. E. Dutton, Lieutenant Ives, and others, will not save himself from a shock of surprise when the reality is before him. This paper deals only with a single view in this marvellous region.

The point where we struck the Grand Cañon, approaching it from the south, is opposite the promontory in the Kaibab Plateau named Point Sublime by Major Powell, just north of the 36th parallel, and 112° 15′ west longitude. This is only a few miles west of the junction with the Little Colorado. About three or four miles west of this junction the river enters the east slope of the east Kaibab monocline, and here the Grand Cañon begins. Rapidly the chasm deepens to about 6000 feet, or rather it penetrates a higher country, the slope of the river remaining about the same. Through this lofty plateau—an elevation of 7000 to 9000 feet—the chasm extends for sixty miles, gradually changing its course to the northwest, and entering the Kanab Plateau. The Kaibab division of the Grand Cañon



GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO—VIEW OPPOSITE POINT SUBLIME.

TOURISTS IN THE COLORADO CAÑON.

is by far the sublimest of all, being 1000 feet deeper than any other. It is not grander only on account of its greater depth, but it is broader and more diversified with magnificent architectural features.

The Kanab division, only less magnificent than the Kaibab, receives the Kanab Cañon from the north and the Cataract Cañon from the south, and ends at the Toroweap Valley.

The section of the Grand Cañon seen by those who take the route from Peach Springs is between 113° and 114° west longitude, and, though wonderful, presents few of the great features of either the Kaibab or the Kanab divisions. The Grand Cañon ends, west longitude 114°, at the Great Wash, west of the Hurricane Ledge or Fault. Its whole length from Little Colorado to the Great Wash, measured by the meanderings of the surface of the river, is 220 miles; by a median line between the crests of the summits of the walls with two-mile cords, about 195 miles; the distance in a straight line is 125 miles.

In our journey to the Grand Cañon we left the Santa Fe line at Flagstaff, a new town with a lively lumber industry, in the midst of a spruce-pine forest which occupies the broken country through which the road passes for over 50 miles. The forest is open, the trees of moderate size are too thickly set with low-growing limbs to make clean lumber, and the foliage furnishes the minimum of shade; but the change to these woods is a welcome one from the treeless reaches of the desert on either side. The cañon is also reached from Williams, the next station west, the distance being a little shorter, and the point on the cañon visited being usually a little further west. But the Flagstaff route is for many reasons usually preferred. Flagstaff lies just southeast of the San Francisco Mountain, and on the great Colorado Plateau, which has a pretty uniform elevation of about 7000 feet above the sea. The whole region is full of interest. Some of the most remarkable cliff dwellings are within 10 miles of Flagstaff, on the Walnut Creek Cañon. At Holbrook, 100 miles east, the traveller finds a road some 40 miles long, that leads to the great petrified forest, or Chalcedony Park. Still further east are the villages of the Pueblo Indians, near the line, while to the northward is the great reservation of the Navajos, a nomadic tribe celebrated for its fine blankets and pretty work in silver—a tribe that preserves much of its manly independence by shunning the charity of the United States. No Indians have come into intimate or dependent relations with the whites without being deteriorated.

Flagstaff is the best present point of departure, because it has a small hotel, good supply stores, and a large livery-stable, made necessary by the business of the place and the objects of interest in the neighborhood, and because one reaches from there by the easiest road the finest scenery incomparably on the Colorado. The distance is 76 miles through a practically uninhabited country, much of it a desert, and with water very infrequent. No work has been done on the road; it is made simply by driving over it. There are a few miles here and there of fair wheeling, but a good deal of it is intolerably dusty or exceedingly stony, and progress is slow. In the daytime (it was the last of June) the heat is apt to be excessive; but this could be borne, the air is so absolutely dry and delicious, and breezes occasionally spring up, if it were not for the dust. It is, notwithstanding the novelty of the adventure and of the scenery by the way, a tiresome journey of two days. A day of rest is absolutely required at the cañon, so that five days must be allowed for the trip. This will cost the traveller, according to the size of the party made up, from forty to fifty dollars. But a much longer sojourn at the cañon is desirable.

Our party of seven was stowed in and on an old Concord coach drawn by six horses, and piled with camp equipage, bedding, and provisions. A four-horse team followed, loaded with other supplies and cooking utensils. The road lies on the east side of the San Francisco Mountain. Returning, we passed around its west side, gaining thus a complete view of this shapely peak. The compact range is a group of extinct volcanoes, the craters of which are distinctly visible. The cup-like summit of the highest is 13,000 feet above the sea, and snow always lies on the north escarpment. Rising about 6000 feet above the point of view of the great plateau, it is from all sides a noble object, the dark rock, snow-sprinkled, rising out of the dense growth of pine and cedar. We drove at first through open pine forests, through park-like intervals, over the foot-hills of the mountain, through growths of scrub cedar, and out into the ever-varying rolling country to widely extended prospects. Two considerable hills on our right attracted us by their unique beauty. Upon the summit and side of each was a red glow exactly like the tint of sunset. We thought surely that it was the effect of reflected light, but the sky was cloudless and the color remained constant. The color came from the soil. The first was called Sunset Mountain. One of our party named the other, and the more beautiful, Peachblow Mountain, a poetic and perfectly descriptive name.

We lunched at noon beside a swift, clouded, cold stream of snow water from the San Francisco, along which grew a few gnarled cedars and some brilliant wild flowers. The scene was more than picturesque; in the clear hot air of the desert the distant landscape made a hundred pictures of beauty. Behind us the dark form of San Francisco rose up 6000 feet to its black crater and fields of spotless snow. Away off to the northeast, beyond the brown and gray pastures, across a far line distinct in dull color, lay the *Painted Desert*, like a mirage, like a really painted landscape, glowing in red and orange and pink, an immense city rather than a landscape, with towers and terraces and façades, melting into indistinctness as in a rosy mist, spectral but constant, weltering in a tropic glow and heat, walls and columns and shafts, the wreck of an Oriental capital on a wide violet plain, suffused with brilliant color softened into exquisite shades. All over this region Nature has such surprises, that laugh at our inadequate conception of her resources.

Our camp for the night was at the next place where water could be obtained, a station of the Arizona Cattle Company. Abundant water is piped down to it from mountain springs. The log house and stable of the cow-boys were unoccupied, and we pitched our tent on a knoll by the corral. The night was absolutely dry, and sparkling with the starlight. A part of the company spread their blankets on the ground under the sky. It is apt to be cold in this region toward morning, but lodging in the open air is no hardship in this delicious climate. The next day the way part of the distance, with only a road marked by wagon wheels, was through extensive and barren-looking cattle ranges, through pretty vales of grass surrounded by stunted cedars, and over stony ridges and plains of sand and small bowlders. The water having failed at Red Horse, the only place where it is usually found in the day's march, our horses went without, and we had recourse to our canteens. The

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GRAND CAÑON OF THE COLORADO—VIEW FROM THE HANCE TRAIL.

whole country is essentially arid, but snow falls in the winter-time, and its melting, with occasional showers in the summer, creates what are called surface wells, made by drainage. Many of them go dry by June. There had been no rain in the region since the last of March, but clouds were gathering daily, and showers are always expected in July. The phenomenon of rain on this baked surface, in this hot air, and with this immense horizon, is very interesting. Showers in this tentative time are local. In our journey we saw showers far off, we experienced a dash for ten minutes, but it was local, covering not more than a mile or two square. We have in sight a vast canopy of blue sky, of forming and dispersing clouds. It is difficult for them to drop their moisture in the rising columns of hot air. The result at times was a very curious spectacle —rain in the sky that did not reach the earth. Perhaps some cold current high above us would condense the moisture, which would begin to fall in long trailing sweeps, blown like fine folds of muslin, or like sheets of dissolving sugar, and then the hot air of the earth would dissipate it, and the showers would be absorbed in the upper regions. The heat was sometimes intense, but at intervals a refreshing wind would blow, the air being as fickle as the rain; and now and then we would see a slender column of dust, a thousand or two feet high, marching across the desert, apparently not more than two feet in diameter, and wavering like the threads of moisture that tried in vain to reach the earth as rain. Of life there was not much to be seen in our desert route. In the first day we encountered no habitation except the ranch-house mentioned, and saw no human being; and the second day none except the solitary occupant of the dried well at Red Horse, and two or three Indians on the hunt. A few squirrels were seen, and a rabbit now and then, and occasionally a bird. The general impression was that of a deserted land. But antelope abound in the timber regions, and we saw several of these graceful creatures quite near us. Excellent antelope steaks, bought of the wandering Indian hunters, added something to our "canned" supplies. One day as we lunched, without water, on the cedar slope of a lovely grass interval, we saw coming toward us over the swells of the prairie a figure of a man on a horse. It rode to us straight as the crow flies. The Indian pony stopped not two feet from where our group sat, and the rider, who was an Oualapai chief, clad in sacking, with the print of the brand of flour or salt on his back, dismounted with his Winchester rifle, and stood silently looking at us without a word of salutation. He stood there, impassive, until we offered him something to eat. Having eaten all we gave him, he opened his mouth and said, "Smoke 'em?" Having procured from the other wagon a pipe of tobacco and a pull at the driver's canteen, he returned to us all smiles. His only baggage was the skull of an antelope, with the horns, hung at his saddle. Into this he put the bread and meat which we gave him, mounted the wretched pony, and without a word rode straight away. At a little distance he halted, dismounted, and motioned toward the edge of the timber, where he had spied an antelope. But the game eluded him, and he mounted again and rode off across the desert—a strange figure. His tribe lives in the cañon some fifty miles west, and was at present encamped, for the purpose of hunting, in the pine woods not far from the point we were aiming at.

The way seemed long. With the heat and dust and slow progress, it was exceedingly wearisome. Our modern nerves are not attuned to the slow crawling of a prairie wagon. There had been growing for some time in the coach a feeling that the journey did not pay, that, in fact, no mere scenery could compensate for the fatigue of the trip. The imagination did not rise to it. "It will have to be a very big cañon," said the Duchess.

Late in the afternoon we entered an open pine forest, passed through a meadow where the Indians had set their camp by a shallow pond, and drove along a ridge, in the cool shades, for three or four miles. Suddenly, on the edge of a descent, we who were on the box saw through the tree-tops a vision that stopped the pulse for a second, and filled us with excitement. It was only a glimpse, far off and apparently lifted up—red towers, purple cliffs, wide-spread apart, hints of color and splendor; on the right distance, mansions, gold and white and carmine (so the light made them), architectural habitations in the sky it must be, and suggestions of others far off in the middle distance, a substantial aerial city, or the ruins of one, such as the prophet saw in a vision. It

was only a glimpse. Our hearts were in our mouths. We had a vague impression of something wonderful, fearful, some incomparable splendor that was not earthly. Were we drawing near the "City"? and should we have yet a more perfect view thereof? Was it Jerusalem, or some Hindoo temples, there in the sky? "It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets were paved with gold; so that by reason of the natural glory of the City, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick." It was a momentary vision of a vast amphitheatre of splendor, mostly hidden by the trees and the edge of the plateau.

We descended into a hollow. There was the well, a log cabin, a tent or two under the pine-trees. We dismounted with impatient haste. The sun was low in the horizon, and had long withdrawn from this grassy dell. Tired as we were, we could not wait. It was only to ascend the little steep, stony slope — 300 yards—and we should see! Our party were straggling up the hill. Two or three had reached the edge. I looked up. The Duchess threw up her arms and screamed. We were not fifteen paces behind, but we saw nothing. We took the few steps, and the whole magnificence broke upon us. No one could be prepared for it. The scene is one to strike dumb with awe, or to unstring the nerves; one might stand in silent astonishment, another would burst into tears.

There are some experiences that cannot be repeated — one's first view of Rome, one's first view of Jerusalem. But these emotions are produced by association, by the sudden standing face to face with the scenes most wrought into our whole life and education by tradition and religion. This was without association, as it was without parallel. It was a shock so novel that the mind, dazed, quite failed to comprehend it. All that we could grasp was a vast confusion of amphitheatres and strange architectural forms resplendent with color. The vastness of the view amazed us quite as much as its transcendent beauty.

We had expected a cañon—two lines of perpendicular walls 6000 feet high, with the ribbon of a river at the bottom. But the reader may dismiss all his notions of a cañon, indeed of any sort of mountain or gorge scenery with which he is familiar. We had come into a new world. What we saw was not a cañon, or a chasm, or a gorge, but a vast area which is a break in the plateau. From where we stood it was 12 miles across to the opposite walls —a level line of mesa on the Utah side. We looked up and down for 20 to 30 miles. This great space is filled with gigantic architectural constructions, with amphitheatres, gorges, precipices, walls of masonry, fortresses terraced up to the level of the eye, temples mountain size, all brilliant with horizontal lines of color—streaks of solid hues a few feet in width, streaks a thousand feet in width—yellows, mingled white and gray, orange, dull red, brown, blue, carmine, green, all blending in the sunlight into one transcendent suffusion of splendor. Afar off we saw the river in two places, a mere thread, as motionless and smooth as a strip of mirror, only we knew it was a turbid boiling torrent, 6000 feet below us. Directly opposite the overhanging ledge on which we stood was a mountain, the sloping base of which was ashy gray and bluish; it rose in a series of terraces to a thousand feet wall of dark red sandstone, receding upward, with ranges of columns and many fantastic sculptures, to a finial row of gigantic opera-glasses 6000 feet above the river. The great San Francisco Mountain, with its snowy crater, which we had passed on the way, might have been set down in the place of this one, and it would have been only one in a multitude of such forms that met the eye whichever way we looked. Indeed, all the vast mountains in this region might be hidden in this cañon.

Wandering a little away from the group and out of sight, and turning suddenly to the scene from another point of view, I experienced for a moment an indescribable terror of nature, a confusion of mind, a fear to be alone in such a presence. With all this grotesqueness and majesty of form and radiance of color, creation seemed in a whirl. With our education in scenery of a totally different kind, I suppose it would need long acquaintance with this to familiarize one with it to the extent of perfect mental comprehension.

The vast abyss has an atmosphere of its own, one always changing and producing new effects, an atmosphere and shadows and tones of its own—golden, rosy, gray, brilliant, and sombre, and playing a thousand fantastic tricks to the vi-

sion. The rich and wonderful color effects, says Captain Dutton, "are due to the inherent colors of the rocks, modified by the atmosphere. Like any other great series of strata in the plateau province, the carboniferous has its own range of colors, which might serve to distinguish it even if we had no other criterion. The summit strata are pale gray, with a faint yellowish cast. Beneath them the cross-bedded sandstone appears, showing a mottled surface of pale pinkish hue. Underneath this member are nearly 1000 feet of the lower Aubrey sandstones, displaying an intensely brilliant red, which is somewhat marked by the talus shot down from the gray cherty limestone at the summit. Beneath the lower Aubrey is the face of the Red Wall limestone, from 2000 to 3000 feet high. It has a strong red tone, but a very peculiar one. Most of the red strata of the west have the brownish or vermilion tones, but these are rather purplish-red, as if the pigment had been treated to a dash of blue. It is not quite certain that this may not arise in part from the intervention of the blue haze, and probably it is rendered more conspicuous by this cause; but, on the whole, the purplish cast seems to be inherent. This is the dominant color of the cañon, for the expanse of the rock surface displayed is more than half in the Red Wall group."

I was continually likening this to a vast city rather than a landscape, but it was a city of no man's creation nor of any man's conception. In the visions which inspired or crazy painters have had of the New Jerusalem, of Babylon the Great, of a heaven in the atmosphere with endless perspective of towers and steeps that hang in the twilight sky, the imagination has tried to reach this reality. But here are effects beyond the artist, forms the architect has not hinted at. And yet everything reminds us of man's work. And the explorers have tried by the use of Oriental nomenclature to bring it within our comprehension, the East being the land of the imagination. There is the Hindoo Amphitheatre, the Bright Angel Amphitheatre, the Ottoman Amphitheatre, Shiva's Temple, Vishnu's Temple, Vulcan's Throne. And here indeed is the idea of the pagoda architecture, of the terrace architecture, of the *bizarre* constructions which rise with projecting buttresses, rows of pillars, recesses, battlements, esplanades, and low walls, hanging gardens, and truncated pinnacles. It is a city, but a city of the imagination. In many pages I could tell what I saw in one day's lounging for a mile or so along the edge of the precipice. The view changed at every step, and was never half an hour the same in one place. Nor did it need much fancy to create illusions or pictures of unearthly beauty. There was a castle, terraced up with columns, plain enough, and below it a parade-ground; at any moment the knights in armor and with banners might emerge from the red gates, and deploy there, while the ladies looked down from the balconies. But there were many castles and fortresses and barracks and noble mansions. And the rich sculpture in this brilliant color! In time I began to see queer details: a Richardson house, with low portals and round arches, surmounted by a Nuremberg gable; perfect panels 600 feet high, for the setting of pictures; a train of cars partly derailed at the door of a long low warehouse, with a garden in front of it. There was no end to such devices.

It was long before I could comprehend the vastness of the view, see the enormous chasms and rents and seams, and the many architectural ranges separated by great gulfs, between me and the wall of the mesa twelve miles distant. Away to the northeast was the blue Navajo Mountain, the lone peak in the horizon; but on the southern side of it lay a desert level, which in the afternoon light took on the exact appearance of a blue lake; its edge this side was a wall thousands of feet high, many miles in length, and straightly horizontal; over this seemed to fall water. I could see the foam of it at the foot of the cliff; and below that was a lake of shimmering silver, in which the giant precipice and the fall and their color were mirrored. Of course there was no silver lake, and the reflection that simulated it was only the sun on the lower part of the immense wall.

Some one said that all that was needed to perfect this scene was a Niagara Falls. I thought what figure a fall 150 feet high and 3000 long would make in this arena. It would need a spy-glass to discover it. An adequate Niagara here should be at least three miles in breadth, and fall 2000 feet over one of these walls. And the Yosemite—ah! the lovely Yosemite! Dumped down into this wilderness of

gorges and mountains, it would take a guide who knew of its existence a long time to find it.

The process of creation is here laid bare through the geologic periods. The strata of rock, deposited or upheaved, preserve their horizontal and parallel courses. If we imagine a river flowing on a plain, it would wear for itself a deeper and deeper channel. The walls of this channel would recede irregularly by weathering and by the coming in of other streams. The channel would go on deepening, and the outer walls would again recede. If the rocks were of different material and degrees of hardness, the forms would be carved in the fantastic and architectural manner we find them here. The Colorado flows through the tortuous inner chasm, and where we see it, it is 6000 feet below the surface where we stand, and below the towers of the terraced forms nearer it. The splendid views of the cañon at this point given in Captain Dutton's report are from Point Sublime, on the north side. There seems to have been no way of reaching the river from that point. From the south side the descent, though wearisome, is feasible. It reverses mountaineering to descend 6000 feet for a view, and there is a certain pleasure in standing on a mountain summit without the trouble of climbing it. Hance, the guide, who has charge of the well, has made a path to the bottom. The route is seven miles long. Half-way down he has a house by a spring. At the bottom, somewhere in those depths, is a sort of farm, grass capable of sustaining horses and cattle, and ground where fruit trees can grow. Horses are actually living there, and parties descend there with tents, and camp for days at a time. It is a world of its own. Some of the photographic views presented here, all inadequate, are taken from points on Hance's trail. But no camera or pen can convey an adequate conception of what Captain Dutton happily calls a great innovation in the modern ideas of scenery. To the eye educated to any other, it may be shocking, grotesque, incomprehensible; but "those who have long and carefully studied the Grand Cañon of the Colorado do not hesitate for a moment to pronounce it by far the most sublime of all earthly spectacles."

I have space only to refer to the geologic history in Captain Dutton's report of 1882, of which there should be a popular edition. The waters of the Atlantic once overflowed this region, and were separated from the Pacific, if at all, only by a ridge. The story is of long eras of deposits, of removal, of upheaval, and of volcanic action. It is estimated that in one period the thickness of strata removed and transported away was 10,000 feet. Long after the Colorado began its work of corrosion there was a mighty upheaval. The reader will find the story of the making of the Grand Cañon more fascinating than any romance.

Without knowing this story the impression that one has in looking on this scene is that of immense antiquity, hardly anywhere else on earth so overwhelming as here. It has been here in all its lonely grandeur and transcendent beauty, exactly as it is, for what to us is an eternity, unknown, unseen by human eye. To the recent Indian, who roved along its brink or descended to its recesses, it was not strange, because he had known no other than the plateau scenery. It is only within a quarter of a century that the Grand Cañon has been known to the civilized world. It is scarcely known now. It is never twice the same, for, as I said, it has an atmosphere of its own. I was told by Hance that he once saw a thunder-storm in it. He described the chaos of clouds in the pit, the roar of the tempest, the reverberations of thunder, the inconceivable splendor of the rainbows mingled with the colors of the towers and terraces. It was as if the world were breaking up. He fled away to his hut in terror.

The day is near when this scenery must be made accessible. A railway can easily be built from Flagstaff. The projected road from Utah, crossing the Colorado at Lee's Ferry, would come within twenty miles of the Grand Cañon, and a branch to it could be built. The region is arid, and in the "sight-seeing" part of the year the few surface wells and springs are likely to go dry. The greatest difficulty would be in procuring water for railway service or for such houses of entertainment as are necessary. It could, no doubt, be piped from the San Francisco Mountain. At any rate, ingenuity will overcome the difficulties, and travellers from the wide world will flock thither, for there is revealed the long-kept secret, the unique achievement of nature.